

THE BRITISH SUCCESSION.

The closing scenes of the life of King Edward VII. in their contrast between the splendor which was planned and the sadness which was realized painfully recall the last days of President McKinley, suddenly struck down just at the crowning celebration of the Buffalo Exposition. The death of the King of England, however, and the succession to the throne will under the circumstances have less effect on the Government of Great Britain than the death of a President has on the Government of the United States.

Indeed, the accession of George V. will really make no difference whatever in the British Government. The King reigns, but he does not govern. Although holding higher title he has far less authority than our President.

To give two instances, the King does not choose his Cabinet, and he does not attempt to direct legislation. His Cabinet is chosen for him by Parliament, or by the leader of the majority in Parliament, and in case of an adverse vote he must accept another Cabinet regardless of his preference. The British system of government does not contemplate the possibility of the heads of the executive departments being responsible to the sovereign.

As for such a thing as attempting to control or even influence legislation, as President Roosevelt has done, for instance, in the Cuban question, that is simply unthinkable in England. It is not conceivable that any king would under any circumstances attempt so rash an undertaking.

Great Britain is fortunate in the solidity and firmness of her well-established institutions, and the question of the royal power is as well settled as the question of the royal succession.

The New Rule.—The New York and New Jersey Tunnel Company will pay for its franchise at the rate charged the Pennsylvania Railroad for a similar franchise. This is one of the welcome and admirable fruits of reform.

RESULTLESS RAIDING.

That is a stirring story which is told in the morning papers of the raid made by Capt. Chapman and his army of twenty-five policemen on "The" Allen's Sixth avenue pool-room. The secrecy and suddenness of the movement, the dash with which it was executed, and the use of scaling ladders and axes almost remind one of the storming of Stony Point by "Mad" Anthony Wayne during the Revolution.

But it is hopeless to expect the New York public to feel any enthusiasm over this display of police theatricals. They have seen the same spectacle before, not once but many times, and they have grown tired of the inevitable fizzle which ends it. They remember the personally conducted raids of Jerome during the campaign and the lame and impotent conclusion when only a few weeks ago Jerome asked to have the cases arising out of them dismissed. It appears that Mr. Allen was found conducting his pool-room yesterday, as he did last year and years before. He is probably conducting it to-day.

What the people of New York want is fewer raids and more convictions.

Waking Up.—The news of an application for a fifteen-minute ferry service between Staten Island and Manhattan encourages the hope that this remote and neglected quarter of Greater New York may eventually be rendered accessible by modern methods of travel.

A REAL BORGIA.

There may be doubts of the accuracy of the stories told of the historic poisoners of Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; indeed, historians have arisen to declare that many of these stories are pure fiction and many of them are scientifically incredible. But there can be no doubt that the good State of Massachusetts and the quiet city of Lowell have produced in the person of Jane Toppin a genuine Borgia, a poisoner whose appalling record of crime has not been equalled by any well-authenticated case.

Is she insane? Abnormal, perverted, degenerate, perhaps; but is she really insane? This is a question not only interesting but important.

Rapid Expansion.—It was known that Roosevelt was not only an expansionist, but also an expander, but it was not expected that he would grow too big for the White House in less than a year after coming into it.

IS CO-EDUCATION A FAILURE?

As far as Chicago University is concerned co-education has been declared a failure. In spite of the protests of the female students and teachers and of the friends of the higher education of woman, the order has gone forth and segregation is hereafter to be the rule. The young women will get the same education as the young men, but they will get it separately.

It might be asked why co-education should be a failure at Chicago when it is a success at Cornell and Syracuse and at other colleges. There is no answer, except that after a fair trial Chicago objects to it. One influencing cause may be the discontent of the male students over their being outnumbered by the girls. If this is the case co-education is a failure in Chicago because it is too popular. But it is certainly far from being a failure elsewhere.

THE BREEZY ROOF GARDENS.

The roof garden that blooms hereabouts in early June and sheds its frolicsome fragrance upon metropolitan joyseekers all through the summer evenings seems to have been considerably too previous in blossoming this year. Four all fresco show places already have thrown open their doors—or, scuttles, to be more correct—and are welcoming the warmer-blooded class of New Yorkers to their firmament-domed auditoriums. Only roof patrons with hot air in their veins are built for the temperature which prevails in these resorts these evenings, and, as the name of these is not exactly legion, there is plenty of elbow room on the happy playhouse tops for all comers.

The Panama-hat young man and his shirt-waist girl are entitled to somebody's sympathy for the misplaced lot of fall weather that has been dealt out to the roof gardens this summer. Thermometers shiver in the blizzarding breezes that blow over the music-and-joke-ringing roofs, and old stoves seem more desirable than ice cream sodas, and ulsters than lawn blouses; but the brave little band of regulars face the weather and show each night with undiminished loyalty, and through chattering teeth mutter prayers for an early eruption of sun spots and a large and long instalment of sunstroke tomorrow, the latter being really necessary to perfect enjoyment of midair theatricals.

The Funny Side of Life.

GRASS COMES HIGH IN THE BRONX.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

A COMPROMISE.

Since neither route brought forward yet the public seems to suit. We now suggest the Niagara Or Panaragua route.

NOT A MAULIFFE ROAD.

"Jerome has started on his long Westward railroad journey." "Hope the railroad won't indulge in any accidents."

COMES BUT SELDOM.

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June?" "The 26th of February is just about 120 times as rare."

ECONOMIC.

"I see the famous City Hall Park tree has been cut down." "What a pity! It was the only thing in that square that had never cost the taxpayers anything."

BORROWED JOKES.

NO JOKE.

Subbubs—No, he isn't a suburbanite at all. What made you think he was? Citizen—Every time I see him he has some story about his inability to get a servant girl who will stay more than a week.

Subbubs—My dear man, if he were a suburbanite he wouldn't joke about that. —Philadelphia Press.

THE WEAKEST SPOT.

Dooitt—Do you believe in the theory that disease germs always attack the weakest spot in the human body?

Smartain—Yes, because when Jabby had the grip it went to his head. —Columbus Daily News.

HOSS AND HOSS.

"So you're going into business for yourself? What line?" "I haven't decided yet. I'm either going to sell ice or import diamonds." —Baltimore News.

HORRORS OF THE STRIKE.

"What are you fellows beefing about?" sneered the man in the meat wagon.

"Because," howled the man whom the police were trying to hold back, "the packers have been guilty of so many bulls."

Whereupon the bricks began to fly and pandemonium broke loose. —Chicago Tribune.

SOMEBODIES.

GREENE, GEN. F. V.—can now move into his colonial villa at Newport, from which the work of decorators and repairers has for two years barred him.

HENRY, PRINCE—of Prussia, has started for London to attend Uncle Eddie's coronation. He will probably stand less near the centre of the stage than when he was Uncle Sam's guest.

LAURIE, PROF.—of Edinburgh, is here making a tour of investigation of American schools.

NAMEE, MAYOR—of Cambridge, Mass., has publicly advised all boys to refrain from being mayors when they grow up, and all girls to refuse to become wives of mayors. Some at least of his audience will follow his advice.

PEARSON, GEN. ISAAC—the Boer envoy to the United States, has announced his intention of becoming an American citizen previous to returning to the Transvaal.

RUBENMANIERE, REV. E. S.—of Washington, was born on the same day of the same year as was President Roosevelt.

REID, D. C.—the Wall street magnate, began life as a grocer's errand boy. Sailing sugar may in time lead to watering stock.

POTTER, BISHOP—will travel through Norway after witnessing the coronation.

THE MIDDAY NAP.

When the sun is shinin' bright
By de ol' barn do,
Ev'rythin' seems nearly right,
Doesn't fret no mo'.
White folks goes an' hunts de shade,
Warm as dey kin be.
Reckon dat's de way dey's made.
Sunshine pleases me.

Freckles don't skeer me a bit;
Ain't afraid o' tan,
Sunburn isn't gwine to hit
Disheer cullud man.

Doesn't have to wait for night
When to sleep I go,
Wants de sun a-shinin' bright
By de ol' barn do.

—Washington Star.

Sarcasm or Idiotcy?

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a young man twenty-three years of age and command a good salary. My one great handicap is that I am exceedingly handsome and cannot ride home without some young lady trying to flirt with me. I like the society of the fair sex, but I am afraid they will fall in love with me, and that will surely break their hearts as I am not a marrying man. Will your readers please advise? HANDSOME.

An Example in Discontent.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In our recent examination we had an example, which the instructor said was correctly written. I would like to know what readers think about it. Here it is:



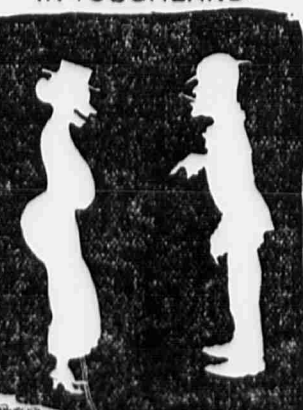
"Get off the grass!" Capt. Gorman begged, that eloquent petitioner. "Get off the Bronx!" retorted our most able Park Commissioner. And now, though Eustis vows no hectic after-talk occurred, That Captain from the region of Bronxitis is transferred.

WOULD SEE BOTH.



"Ah! mused the Chicago dandy, "Jack promises to take me to the coronation if I marry him; Fred promises to take me to France, and Tom says he will give me a trip through this country, with a week at the seaside if I will be his." Here she knitted her brow in pensive thought. At last her face brightened. "I have it," she declared. "I will marry Jack and see the coronation, and tell the other two that they must wait until after I have had my divorce."

IN TOUGHLAND.



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HIS ONLY GAME.



Old Man—What did you shoot to-day, my little man? Kid—Craps.

NATURALLY.



Subbubs—Having house-cleaning at our house and I haven't slept for three whole days. Townsley—What do you do? Subbubs—I sleep at nights.

DECORATED.



Mrs. Brown—For Heaven's sake, Patrick, what have you been doing to yourself? Patrick—Sure, mum; this is Decoration Day, ain't it?

SUCH A MISTAKE.



"Millie Gottrocks is not going to the coronation, after all," said the first fair friend. "Why," answered the second devoted acquaintance, "she told me that her papa had bought her a nobleman this spring, just in order that she might have the pleasure of going."

"I know, but Mr. Gottrocks is so ignorant, and he bought a Russian nobleman, thinking all the time he was getting an English one."

SWINDLED.



Deacon Smith—Frankly, my friend, I don't believe a word of your story! Ten-Cent Joe—Wot? An' I paid Fakin' Freddie six bits for git that up fer me! I bin robbed!

ODDITY CORNER.

REFORM.

At Reikjavik, Iceland, the temperance women, who are known as "white ribbons," have taken to standing at the doors of public houses from 4 P. M. until closing hours, urging men not to enter.

PENSION FUND.

The Vulcan shipbuilding yards of Stettin have recently inaugurated a pension fund. All employees who receive an annual salary of more than 1,500 marks (\$37) are eligible to membership.

HORSE CENSUS.

The Bulletin des Halles (Paris) estimates the number of horses in the world at 74,600,000, the number of mules and asses at 12,100,000.

HEADSTONE PUZZLE.

In the Annapolis National Cemetery are more than 2,000 graves of soldiers, a great many of whom died in the Annapolis Hospital after the civil war. There are names upon the headstones from almost every State, both North and South. Among the inscriptions on headstones appears the following: DORNS MORNS.

Surrounded as it was by John Smiths, James Browns and other commonplace names, the name "Dorns Morns," which means "Golden Wall," looks strange, to say the least. Perhaps the man who had there wished his death to remain unknown, and gave the name to disguise his own.

WHY RATS GNAW.

Some years ago a German scientist began to study rats and mice with the object of ascertaining why they are so fond of gnawing wood, and, indeed, almost anything on which their teeth can be employed, and news now comes that his patient researches have at last been crowned with success. He says that these animals, and especially rats, have teeth which grow longer every year, and keep growing longer during their entire life, and that the object of the animals in gnawing is to keep them at a proper length, as otherwise it would be impossible for them to grasp or chew any food.

GOLD IN QUILLS.

According to Le Roux, a French explorer, the natives of Abyssinia have a queer way of carrying to market the gold that they find in the beds of streams. They find it as dust and as small nuggets, and put it into large quills as transparent as glass tubes. The brokers who buy it work it up into the form of circles of the size of an ordinary finger ring, but without closing the circle, for the purchaser always insists on twisting it so that it does not contain any adulteration. Experienced fingers can tell at once whether the yielding metal has the exact malleability of pure gold.

MUSHROOM STRENGTH.

An incident showing the immense growing power of mushrooms was unearthed recently at Stockton, Utah, when two large specimens of the fungi were found growing through a heavy concrete floor. The owner of the building noticed that the concrete and bitumen floor was being forced upward in the shape of two hills. He could account for the change in the smooth surface for something like eight days until the bitumen split open and two mushrooms forced their way upward into the fresh air. By actual measurement the mushrooms grew through four inches of solid concrete and two inches of bitumen, and there was not a sign of a crack in the floor before they came through.

AN INVISIBLE EDITOR.

A Russian journal runs a daily column which is alleged to be edited by an "invisible assistant" from the other world.

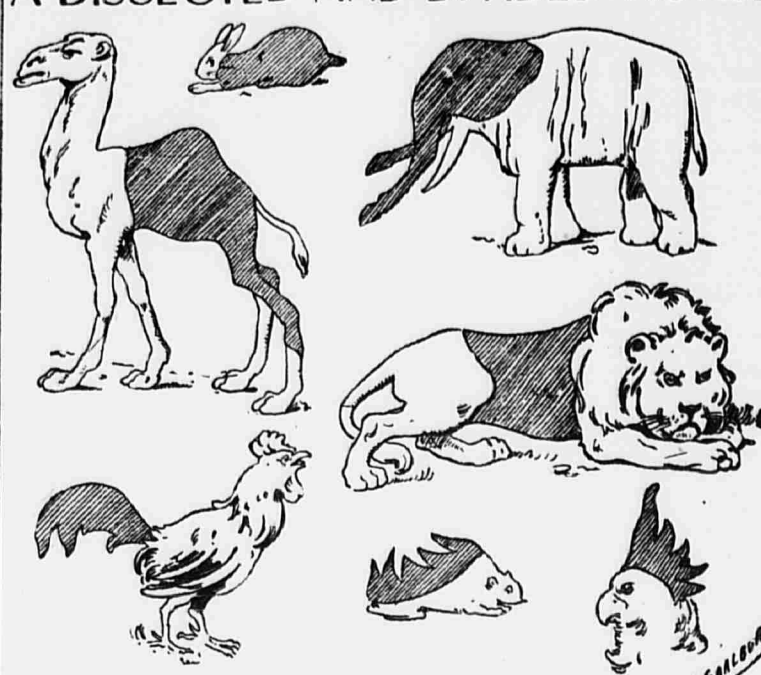
GOLD UNNERVES HIM.

"I have visited the mints of three countries," remarked a traveler, a medical man, according to the Chicago Tribune, "and I have found all the official guides in them broken down in nerves and victims of insomnia. Every one of these officials is required to give bonds, not only for his own honesty, but to cover theft by visitors whom he conducts over the place. It is customary to hand money about among the visitors to show the coins in their different stages of development. If the party be a numerous one the nerves of the guides are strained to such a pitch that at the Hotel de la Monnaie, in Paris, the man confessed that the sight of coined gold and silver was odious to him, and that he had come to look upon every one who visited the mint as a possible robber. "Besides the effect upon the nerves, in nearly every case it has affected the eyesight. One of the guides told me that thirty-two years of continual gazing upon gold and silver had affected his sight so that he is unable to distinguish certain objects unless they possess peculiar iridescent qualities."

VALUABLE MANUSCRIPTS.

The two greatest manuscripts in America, according to the Bookman, are the manuscript of the Declaration of Independence, which is in the Government archives and which has pence, and the life of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself (the only manuscript entirely in his own handwriting), which changed hands a few weeks ago and was added to a private collection in New York City, says Public Opinion. The Franklin manuscript was discovered in France some years ago in the possession of the descendants of M. Le Vallard, to whom it had been given by William Temple Franklin, Franklin's grandson.

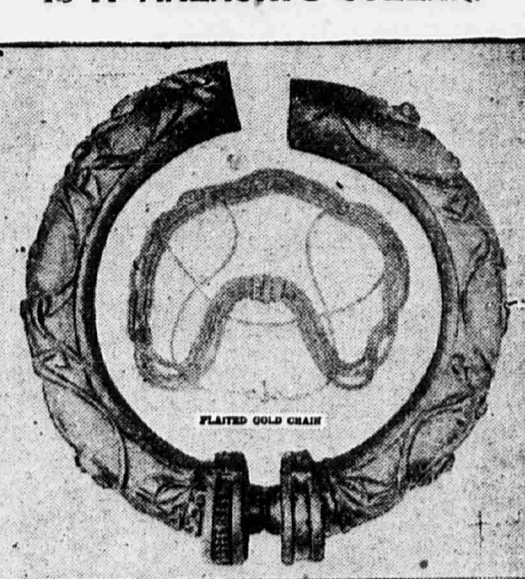
A DISSECTED AND DIVIDED HORSE



A TRIAL OF STRENGTH.



IS IT MALACHI'S COLLAR.

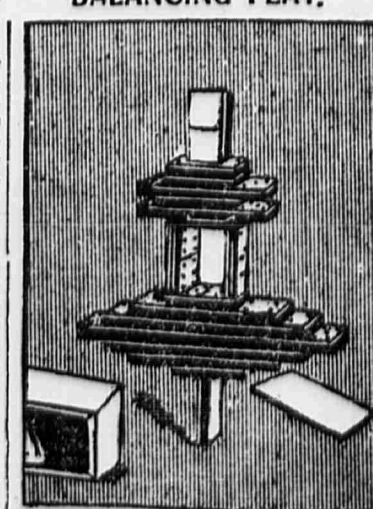


The Famous Collar in the Linnavaddy Find.

An inestimably precious collection of Celtic ornaments of rich gold rests in the British Museum at this present moment. Whence they came living man knows not; whether they will go to be decided. The British Museum paid £500 for them to a Belfast antiquary, and prior to that they had been brought to light by the fortuitous aid of a ploughshare driven by a laborer over the soil of his native Linnavaddy, which is in the northwest of Ireland. But how they came to be in a potato field there, which must have been some time ago, is a puzzle. The Royal Irish Academy of Dublin has sued the British Museum for them. This may be the collar mentioned in the verse:

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader.

BALANCING FEAT.



NEW MILK.

New milk gives to all-flour confections richness through its fat, sweetness through its sugar and yellowness through its proteins.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Sarcasm or Idiotcy?

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"Find the bank discount at 5 per cent. on a four months' note for \$75, dated Nov. 12, 1901, and discounted Jan. 1, 1902." This is the way it read, and I would like to know if it can be done.

Pity the Conductor!

To the Editor of The Evening World: Dear readers, are you ever patrons of the surface cars? If you are, and you have a kind feeling for other human beings, please show each conductor you come in contact with that you have a little feeling for these ill-treated, overworked men. Did you ever "do" the company out of a nickel and think how easy it is to ride free? Are you aware of the fact that this poor, ill-treated conductor has to ring up the fares before he collects them? I have seen

him during rush hours register his fares as the people boarded the car, and go through a crowded car calling out, at the top of his voice, "Fares, please!" several times before "you," as good and honest as you are, would part with that large sum of five cents. Now, dear readers, every time you "do" the company, as you think, you are taking this man's wages away from him and you thus become a thief. If this conductor has eight or ten passengers of this sort during the day he has to pay the company out of his hard-earned wages whatever "you" steal from him. Now to make both ends meet he may be tempted to steal the "safe" nickels, and the result may be his discharge, branded as a thief.

On the Outside.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Where should a gentleman walk when

with two ladies? On the outside of the walk or between them?

The Firecracker Nuisance.

To the Editor of The Evening World: By the police allowing the celebration of the Fourth of July all the year round a horse was caused to run away on Sunday last. The runaway caused a watchman to be badly injured and a policeman as well. It is not safe to sit in your own doorway, for fear of a stray bullet from a pistol or being blown up by a cannon firecracker. Is there no remedy?

C. M. Dickinson.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Please let me know the name of the American Consul-General to Constantinople.

M. A. C.